Feeling Right

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Feeling Right

by Fafsernir

Summary

Peter would have normally never looked back, but the second he stepped out and left Juno behind, the only thing he could focus on was how to save him. He needed a plan to save both of them, and he needed to make sure Juno was alright because... well, Juno was the most important person in his life.

Notes

Hello! Yes, I wrote 5,000 and not another word because it was too satisfying.
Enjoy reading, if you want to see the art made for this fic by CosmicCreativity, you can do so on tumblr: here ! I know, two pieces of art, it's Christmas!! ;) (I will link at the end too)
Don't forget to give some love as well :D

And thanks Justafewthingstosay for support and helping, and head over to her Ao3 for an amazing story for this bang!

See the end of the work for more notes

“ *I’ll be back. I promise you I won’t disappear.* ”

Leaving Juno behind was the most painful thing Peter Nureyev ever did. He had done unpleasant things before, but he had never left someone like Juno behind. He had never promised anyone not to disappear. He had meant it, he wasn’t planning on breaking his promise off. He would be back. He would not leave Juno behind, would not let him die. He was going to come back. He just needed a plan.

A plan. Right, that was easy to get, surely. Not too much trouble. Just… break into that hell hole, get Juno out, get himself out, and things would go well. Oh, and stop Miasma, probably. Nothing could go wrong.

Peter was shaken awake by a sudden noise. He straightened up instantly, his neck protesting at the sudden move, aching and painful.

“Who’s here?!”

It was a dumb reflex that could have cost him his life, to just call out like this. No one was going to answer ‘yes, I’m here to kill you, just wanted to give you a heads-up’. But he hadn’t really been his best self lately. It might be due to the lack of sleep, the constant pain, or the nightmares about torture he was having, but no-one could be sure of that. Certainly not Peter Nureyev, who very carefully avoided to think about that, for the very precise reason that he did not want to know the answer. He did not want to face it.

He was on the edge and feeling useless because of Juno. He couldn’t sleep because of Juno. He only dozed off once in a while in his chair as he tried to come up with a plan to go back and save him. A way to barge in, take him with him and leave like the knight in shining armor that he knew he was or, well, could be. He knew for sure that Juno was the damsel in distress in this scenario, but he had no idea whether he was up to the task of saving him. Juno seemed to save himself quite well. At least, he had every time Peter had been with him.

Earlier in his life, he would have barged in without asking questions. No, scratch that. Earlier in his life, he would have fled a long time ago. He would have stolen the thing, given it for the amount of money he had been promised, and wouldn’t have minded, wouldn’t have even asked. Since Juno, he wondered a bit more. Since Juno, he looked back, even for just a quick glance over the shoulder. That

quick glance was enough to make a change and he cared for whatever he was leaving behind. He cared for whomever he was leaving behind. He cared for Juno.

No. He was in love with Juno. He had been since the moment he had stepped into his office, since he had seen him climbing out that window, trying to get away from him. He had felt his heart tighten in his chest at this man's ridiculous – and failed – attempt to escape, and he had started to fall in love, as purely and simply as that. It only took a day around Juno to grow deeply attached to him. Peter had set a new record, he thought. 'Fastest man to ever fall in love.' It sounded catchy.

Of course, it wasn't that he had fallen in love after only a couple of seconds. Had he felt attracted to Juno? Of course. Had the thought of being in love come even close to his mind? Certainly not. But he had trusted him, and for someone like Peter, it didn't make any sense, it didn't match his thoughts and personality, it didn't feel right. And yet, it felt exactly like that; right. Because it was Juno, of course, he trusted this beautiful mind, this handsome lady. Of course, he was blown away by his intelligence. Of course, he had started to fall deeply in love.

The moment he had felt the constraints of the handcuffs around his wrist, he had realised that Juno wasn't like any other being he had met. So he gave away his secret, gave away his real name to the man who had just arrested him. By doing that, Juno had earned his full trust, if he hadn't already.

Peter shook his head, trying to get back to his plan. He hadn't been awakened by someone or any particular noise, but by another nightmare, keeping him up. But it was good, it was good because he needed to think, he needed to plan an escape. Something that would work. He needed to help Juno because he knew saving him wouldn't only save Juno, but Peter as well.

He banged on the door, banged and banged again. His fists were hurting him and he wouldn't have been surprised if there was blood dripping from his painful hands. He did not care. He couldn't care. Juno was on the other side of this door, alone. No, not alone. Trapped with Miasma, trapped with… the bomb.

Peter screamed through the door, screamed as he had never screamed, begged Juno to open up, begged him to be alright, threatened him to

come out alive or… or he would kill him, he would bring him back from the dead and he would kill him again. He had never felt this despair, this urge to save someone, this will to exchange places as if that was the only way to save Juno. He would give his own life for him. At least, at that moment, he would have instantly said yes. But no one asked, no one tried to save Juno. And Peter Nureyev did nothing. He banged on the door, and nothing happened. He wasn't able to save the one person he loved.

He had to say something. No, he *wanted* to say something. He wanted to tell Juno how he felt, tell Juno how he made him feel. *Everything, everything you described and more, so much more* … He wanted to talk, to confess, but he could only bang and feel his heart breaking at the lack of response.

When the doors opened back up, Peter thought he would die, thought he would let himself die near Juno's lifeless body. It wasn't like he had anyone to stay alive for anymore, anyway.

But Juno was alive.

He wasn't well, but he was alive, he was still breathing, and Peter remembered how to breathe too, how to function so his body could hold up a bit more.

Juno was alive, and so was Peter. He was alive thanks to Juno. They were all alive thanks to Juno.

If felt right to grab him and kiss him. It felt right to feel his lips against his, to let his lips try to express what he had been unable to say with words.

It felt right because it always felt right to kiss Juno. It was a warm, fuzzy feeling, to feel his perfect lips meeting Peter's. If he could, Peter would spend all his time kissing that amazing lady, would repeat just how much he cared about him. If he dared to say it. Maybe one day.

Peter sat and waited. He waited for a long time. He felt so tired, so emotionally drenched, but he couldn't let himself fall asleep. He was scared, scared that he would wake up and not find Juno again. Scared that he had passed out behind that door and he would wake up against the cold door and Juno would be lying dead on the other side of it, because he hadn't been able to save him because he hadn't been fast enough, smart enough, good enough.

He hoped that he was good enough. He doubted it, doubted Juno could ever return his feelings, even though it was pretty clear that he did. He had talked about running away, talked about regretting not leaving with Peter after their first meeting. He was willing to leave Hyperion City, to leave Mars behind, if it meant being on the road with Peter. His mind refused to accept that he was the reason and the motivation behind all this, but the thought had crossed his mind, even if for the shortest moment.

He just hoped it hadn't been words muttered without meaning while all hope seemed to have been lost. He just hoped Juno meant it. Because the offer still stood, Peter wanted to run off, to leave. He wanted to be with Juno. He wouldn't even mind staying here, if it meant being with Juno, after all. If the lady would have him, that was. If the lady would have him, he would stay wherever Juno wanted to.

He ought to ask him. He wanted to ask him, right this moment, but he couldn't. Juno had insisted they go to this hospital, not paying attention to Peter's worries about his eye on the way here. They had sat in silence, apart from the couple of times the thief asked if the private eye was feeling alright. Both were processing the day's events and emotions.

Then they were at the hospital and Juno was taken away, taken care of, but Peter suddenly felt the need to talk, to make sure they were on the same page, to know that Juno was feeling okay, that he was feeling… that he loved Peter back.

He was not used to feelings, not to this kind of deeply romantic attraction, and he was… not very good at dealing with it. He mostly tried not to think about it. But sometimes, he just had to. When he got lonely, when he wished the warmth of the body next to him would be Juno's. Or, say, when Juno had a near-death experience or had just lost an eye.

So he had feelings for Juno, and he wanted to be honest. It was hard, to think about telling Juno because it meant sharing another part of himself that he wasn't sure he felt comfortable enough with. He did trust Juno, of course he did, but… it was still hard. Maybe Juno had seen it in his head, all the love and doubts Peter felt clashing and mastering his emotions at times. He rarely showed it, but he was often deeply conflicted inside. He hoped Juno had seen something and would mention it, just so he didn't have to bring it up himself. It was easier to answer a question positively than to form the idea yourself.

How complicated could it be, to admit that he was in love? Very complicated was, of course, the answer, because Peter had tried. Had tried to tell Juno how he felt, but even when facing certain death, Peter had said nothing. He had frozen, and almost let the love of his life die behind a close door. Was it a metaphor for the invisible wall Peter built between people and his feelings? Maybe. But Peter wasn't qualified to answer that.

So, Peter waited. He did not like to wait, and he had been doing a lot of that lately.

He waited, and he thought. About his feelings, about not falling asleep, about what Juno had seen, what Juno had felt, what he had heard in Peter's brain. He couldn't know. He had let him see, let him search. Let him decide for himself if he wanted to trust him or not. He did not want to know what Juno had seen, he had filed most of his memories away and he was not very keen on revisiting them. He did wonder about Juno's thoughts, though. The only thing he was uncertain about.

Peter didn't like not knowing. He knew how to steal, how to be a master thief, how to flirt, how to lie, how to… He knew a lot of things. He did not know Juno's feelings and thoughts. He had no idea what was going on in his head.

What did Juno think of him? What was he thinking about his eye?

Peter knew Juno was proud of his aiming abilities – and he could be, he was the best shot Peter had ever met – and he knew what the loss of an eye could do. He hoped the doctors could save his eye. He hoped, but he didn't really believe.

Did he blame himself for something that wasn't his fault?

He filed that information away. It didn't need an answer.

How could he help Juno? That, he needed the answer for. What could he do, how could he do it? He was bad at it, he was bad at making people feel better because he never really made the effort to do that. It wasn't that he intentionally made them feel bad, but he was not very skilled in some social interactions. Enough to get his way around, to flatter the right people in the right way to get to the right place, but probably not enough to comfort the one person he loved about losing his best asset for his job.

Peter sighed, ran his hands over his face, trying to chase away the

exhaustion. He wasn't sure questioning was helping him a lot, but it did prevent him from dozing off and missing Juno's dramatic exit.

"A lady does not sleep in a hospital," Juno dramatically said, opening the doors and walking out.

Peter stared after him, surprised and maybe amused, and followed suit. Juno knew how to make an exit, and he walked out, proud. Peter felt he was upset, being dramatic only to compensate the loss he had just experienced, but it still made them laugh, afterwards, when Peter mentioned the expression of the guy at the reception desk.

He had done a lot of thinking within a few days. He didn't do that often. He usually went from one job to the other, moving away from things as soon as he had arrived, just so he wouldn't have to care about them, just so he wouldn't have to inevitably lose them. He compartmentalized everything, filing information away in different categories. A lot had gone into his 'for later' folder lately, which was really a synonym for never.

Juno looked exhausted. Peter wasn't sure what to do, how to take care of him. He understood the exhaustion coming from their adventure, from the loss of his eye, but he could feel there was something beyond that. Juno looked like he was carrying the weight of the whole universe on his shoulders, and Peter wanted nothing more than to take even the slightest weight away.

He didn't know how to do that. How to alleviate some of Juno's incredibly heavy burden. A burden he had brought upon himself, it seemed. No one but himself was blaming him. No one but himself had forced down this weight on his shoulders.

So he asked.

He gave Juno the option to change his mind, to stay behind. He couldn't relate to the way he was feeling about this city, he couldn't relate to the pressure he was putting on himself, but he could understand. He tried to understand. He also doubted Juno's words during a moment when he thought he would die were the only confirmation they needed before making such a big decision as leaving everything behind and run off together.

When Juno reaffirmed that he wanted to leave, with him, with Nureyev, Peter felt his heart stop in his chest. He was honest when he told Juno that he was happy to hear that, he was more honest than he

had ever been. He opened his heart like he had never done before.

“What do you say you and I begin that beautiful future right now?” he said when Juno seemed to be sure enough of his decision and when he felt comfortable enough to ask him.

Peter tried not to take their kiss as a promise, but he still had the feeling they were sealing a deal between them, a promise not to leave each other. Peter would never. Peter didn’t want to.

They kissed. They kissed and Peter thought he would die because of how good and right it felt. Peter thought he would never feel as happy and content as he felt at that moment. He felt alive and happy and… And in love. He felt a massive wave of love and affection and care towards this single human being. These strong, new feelings directed towards this wonderful detective. Peter felt love and, most importantly, he felt loved.

They parted and looked at each other in… well, in the eye, this raw baring of the soul hovering between them.

“I…” Peter started but was cut off by Juno's lips on his. At this point, he wasn’t sure of what he wanted to say, but he wanted to say something.

“Hold that thought,” Juno smiled between them. Peter just watched, melting on the spot at how soft and calm Juno looked. “Simply show me.”

Peter didn't understand instantly. What did Juno think he had wanted to say? What was Peter supposed to show him? Then, he understood. *Show me love and care* . He could do that. He could show his love and how much he cared about Juno. That was easy, especially that night. Especially when he felt like his heart was laying on the table, as readable as an open book written in one’s first language.

They took their time, exploring each other’s mouth and hair and neck with their hands and lips and tongue. Everything was so slow, so calm, so peaceful. Respectful. They chuckled lightly when Peter’s glasses got in the way, then discarded them, still laughing, still eager to be close to each other, eager to feel the other closer.

“Ouch!” Juno hissed when Peter’s hands spasmed against his cheeks. Peter realised he was nearing his eye, and he instantly put his hands down.

He kissed Juno and smiled apologetically. “I got you.”

There was a silence, time suspended itself as Peter looked at Juno’s gone eye, his fingers going up again before his mind could catch himself.

He ran his hand on Juno’s nose scar, following with his eyes the path he was drawing as he did so. He stopped near his eye, hesitating, on the lookout for any sign of discomfort.

“May I?” he whispered carefully.

Juno looked uneasy for a second, but he eventually nodded, even if it was so small that Peter almost missed it. He carefully caressed Juno’s eyebrow, ignoring the huge relief he felt throughout his whole mind and body when his fingers ran easily on Juno’s skin, without meeting any bloodstain. The last time he had really looked at his eye, it had been covered in blood.

Juno wasn’t looking at him anymore, he was staring at his own hand, clenched on Peter’s partially open shirt. Peter didn’t force him to look up again, he let him be, let him come to terms with the fact that he had lost his eye, in the same way Peter was getting used to it, was discovering it.

He traced the line of his eyebrow, stroked his temple and his cheek. His fingers graced over the now missing eye but did not touch. He brought his second hand up, on Juno’s neck, guiding his head to the side to kiss his forehead, above his eye.

Juno’s shoulders trembled slightly as Peter kissed the middle of his forehead and the side of his head. It didn’t take long before he realised that Juno was trying to swallow back his sobs. Peter opened his mouth to say something, to tell him that it was okay, that he could let it go, that Peter was here for him, here for that.

Instead, he gasped when Juno’s arms suddenly went around him, and Juno burst into a loud sob. Peter would have never taken Juno to be the crying type. Not that there was anything wrong with it, of course, it was a way to deal with emotions which Peter did not use, but it didn’t mean it was inefficient, or that it was a shame in any way. Juno simply didn’t look like he cried at night. But then again, he probably didn’t usually get kidnapped for psychic powers he did not master nor asked for and which were hurting him to the point of losing a physical part of himself, so it wasn’t really representative.

Peter did all he could or all he knew how to do. He wrapped his arms around Juno, holding him close, soothing him with whispered words or gentle caresses. He kissed his hair, rubbed his neck and back. Most of all, he let him cry. He gave him a reassuring and strong shoulder to cry on. He didn't know what else to do, but he figured Juno needed that. He needed time to let it all out.

He let him have the choice to talk or to stay silent, and Juno chose to talk, after a few minutes.

"Sorry… 'M just… was thinking of… I shouldn't have missed that many shots…" then there was more babbling, which didn't make much sense.

Peter held him, mildly shocked at how heartbroken he felt as Juno cried in his arms. He felt powerless, useless, just sitting there and hugging the lady he loved the most in his life – in his numerous lives. He wanted nothing more than to wipe away all concern and sadness from Juno's mind.

Juno rambled about his eye and other things a bit more, until he sniffed and wiped his tears away. "It can still cry, it's really useless," he tried to joke, chuckling and breathing heavily at the same time. "Not even really cool."

Juno straightened a bit to have easier access to his face and wipe it. Peter wiped the tears away with him, their joined hands cleaning the damp cheeks of a now nervously laughing Juno.

"Didn't mean to—" he started, but Peter was ready and didn't even let him finish the first sentence.

"It's okay, Juno. I'm here." *I'm not going anywhere* .

Juno seemed to understand the silent addition, because he nodded and put his head against Peter's neck again, sighing.

Peter could have stayed like this for hours. Still. In some hotel, in Hyperion City. Two souls who should have never even met, but who had merged together. A one-eyed private eye who had stolen a thief's heart. A true scandal and a bad mix, one could think. Peter knew it was not, though. It was beautiful and he finally felt like he was… someone.

He mattered to someone, enough for that person to leave things they loved behind, just to be with him. Someone as wonderful and as

beautiful and as amazing as Juno could love him and maybe it meant he wasn't as broken as he had once thought, a long time ago, when he had started to file upsetting information away for later. Maybe he didn't have to file away everything. Maybe he could save this moment, could save this feeling.

Juno wasn't crying anymore, he was simply hugging him, simply hanging out against the crook of his neck. Judging by the way he peppered kisses on Peter's shoulder and collarbone, he was definitely feeling better. Peter chuckled when he felt hands struggling with the button of his shirt while the kisses grew more frequent and insisting.

"Juno, I—"

"I told you to show me," the detective said, his lips nearing Peter's ear.

He closed his eyes, letting Juno show him just how much he wanted him, how much he loved him. Leaving him a chance to stop and talk, or anything else. Maybe he just wanted to rest, because of the day's events, of his mental state.

Peter felt the urge, felt the need in Juno's hands and lips and he felt his own desire building up in his stomach when Juno tugged at his shirt and his hands roamed freely under it. He quickly guided Juno's face upwards, his mouth seeking, begging to taste his soft lips again, to feel the strong pulse of his tongue, combined with the confident grip of his hands on Peter's hips.

His heart fastened in his chest as they kissed, stumbled, struggled, undressed… It was quick, fast, as if they couldn't get enough of the other's skin, as if they needed more, always more. They kissed and licked and nibbled and scratched and caressed, their hands and mouths devouring each other, but never too fast, never too quick. It still felt incredibly good, incredibly slow. They explored the other's skin and sensitive spots, they discovered what the other liked and what the other loved and craved. They showed each other their love.

Juno occasionally winced and froze because of his eye, but he never stopped. He never told Peter to slow down, to wait. They took their time and created a pace which worked for both of them, and they made love.

Hyperion City. It was alive, outside. They could hear the sound of traffic, of cars. Rain was falling, hitting the bedroom's window,

contrasting with the quietness and stillness inside.

Juno was lying on his back, and Peter had his head on his shoulder and his arm casually thrown over his body, in a position which clearly meant he didn't want Juno to go anywhere, no matter how conscious this position was. He could feel Juno's calm breath and it was slowly lulling him to sleep, his eyes growing heavier and almost closing on their own.

"You know, Juno... call me a fool if you like, but I think—" a yawn cut him mid-sentence, but he naturally continued afterwards. "I may have fallen in love with you."

He smiled in his half-sleeping state, maybe not entirely aware of what he was saying. He had never bared his feelings like that to anyone, but it wasn't as if he was lying. And, if Juno and he were going to spend much more time together, now was as good a time as any to put that on the table. Or maybe it simply felt right, to finally say it out loud. To admit it to the object of most of his thoughts.

Juno took his time to answer, but Peter wasn't in a hurry. They had all the time in the world, now.

"I…" Juno laughed, a cute small chuckle which only made Peter want to scream that he loved him so, so much. "If you're a fool, that makes two of us."

Peter's initial response was to laugh hysterically, but he caught himself before he could literally make a fool of himself, and settled for a quiet laugh. It seemed so simple and true, and Peter knew it, because Juno had shown it, but it felt so improbable that someone would actually love him enough to say it, to admit it, that he wanted to burst out laughing. He wanted to laugh in the face of impossibility.

The nameless thief had fallen in love with a talented detective, who knew his name, who now knew how important the knowledge of this name was, who had seen him be so many men. In love with a man who had fallen for Rex Glass, been married to Duke Rose and was loving Peter Nureyev.

He closed his eyes, snuggled closer to Juno's chest, and let sleep take over him, let the dreams come, and hoped they would not turn into nightmares.

He did not have any nightmares about torture, he did not sleep awfully because of cold sweats waking him up. He slept like he had never slept. He slept with the reassuring feeling that he wasn't alone, that he wasn't on the run, or even if he was, he had someone he trusted with him. He slept with the certitude that he would wake up to Juno's slight snore in the morning, would see his dark curls framing his face, would kiss his strong jaw and wrap his arms around that scarred but perfect body.

He would have spent hours lying there, had it not been for Juno moving. Had it not been for Juno's steps.

Peter had left countless rooms discreetly, be it because he was leaving before morning and its complications, or because he was sneaking away after a theft – or both. He knew what it sounded like, he knew how one behaved.

Juno was leaving.

His first instinct told him that Juno would not come back, that Peter would never feel the mattress dip under Juno's body as he joined him under the covers again. Juno wasn't standing up in the middle of the night to go to the toilet or anything. He was leaving, for good. He was abandoning Peter, right after they had both opened their hearts to each other.

He tried calling him back, still half asleep, weakly. Too weakly. Juno stopped at the door, and for a hot minute, Peter felt hope creeping back up. Maybe he was going to stay, after all.

But Juno walked away.

By doing something as simple as that, he threw away their future together, threw away Peter's feelings for him, threw away their plans to run. He turned his back on a life of love and adventure.

Peter felt his heart shatter in his chest as the steps faded away in the distance, in a city which did not want Peter anymore, but which held onto Juno, still.

The city didn't want Peter, Peter didn't want the city. He only wanted Juno, but he couldn't have him.

He shut his eyes even tighter, brought up his knees against his chest, and held the sheets close to him. He could still smell Juno, could still hear him. When the steps faded away, a single tear rolled down his

cheek.

File it away, he told himself. And he did.

End Notes

Art here by CosmicCreativity, in case you were waiting for the end to check.

If you feel like it, you can always come talk to me on Tumblr! (@fafsernir ou @trashmel)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!